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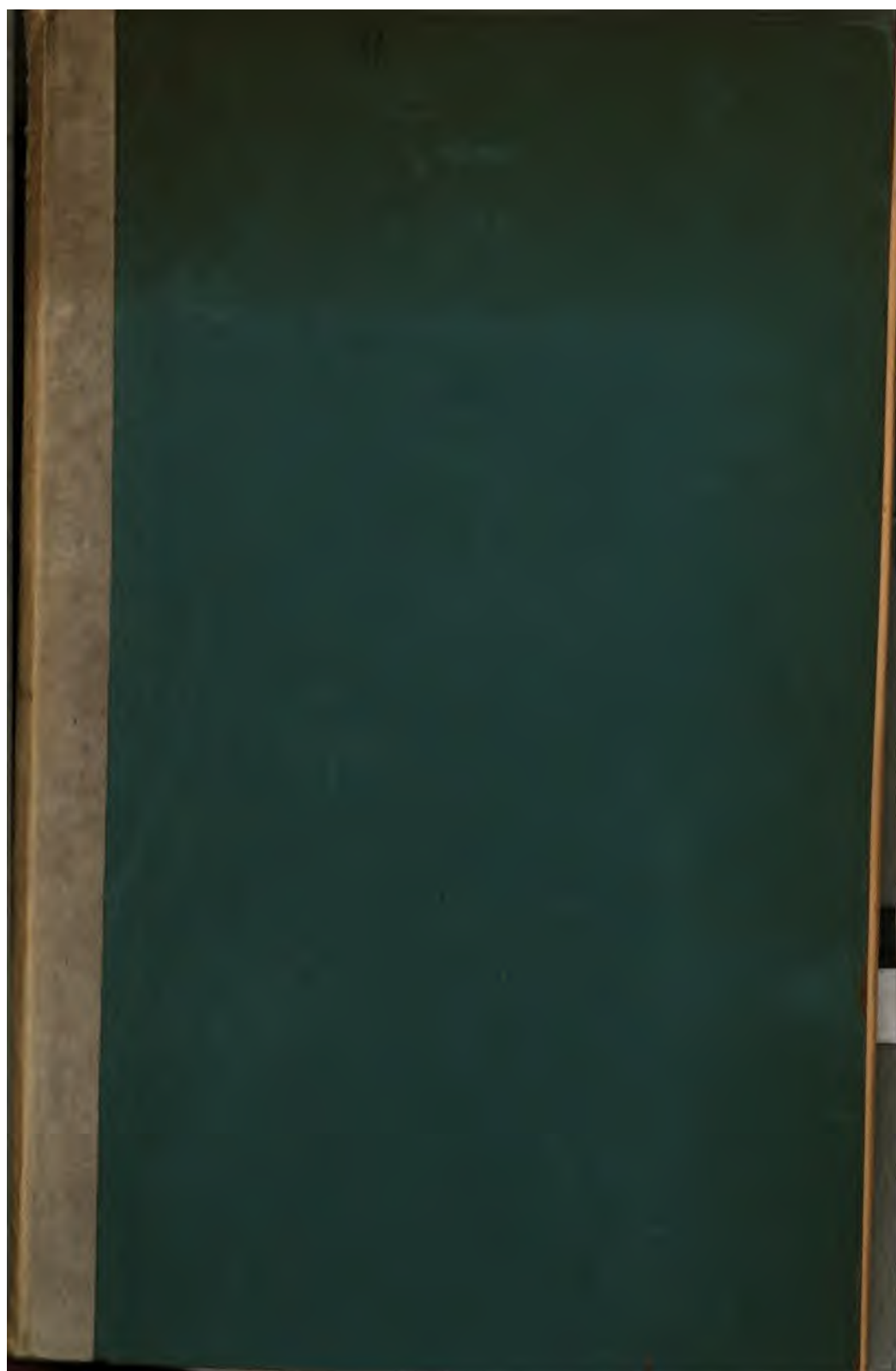
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BURGESS HILL AS A HEALTH RESORT:

*Hints to those in Search of a Healthy
Country Home.*

[ILLUSTRATED.]

BY

T. F. I. BLAKER,

M.R.C.S., (Eng.), etc.

Member of the Brighton and Sussex Natural History Society.

[SECOND EDITION REVISED AND IMPROVED.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.

BRIGHTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN BEAL AND CO., EAST STREET.

1884.

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ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BURGESS HILL.

From a Photograph by Peters.

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*Adm. Sussex
Dr 20**

Preface to Second Edition.

IN bringing out the Second Edition of this little book, the author has been encouraged to try, to the utmost of his ability, to improve the work.

Not only was the First Edition most favourably received by the public at large, but it was also criticised very leniently by that portion of the press which was good enough to take the trouble to review it, as may be readily perceived by a perusal of the "Opinions of the Press" published on another page.

Those alterations in the text, necessitated by certain changes in and about Burgess Hill since the first appearance of this pamphlet, have of course been effected in the proper places. Much also has been eliminated which was deemed of little interest to the reader, whilst new matter of more importance and interest has been introduced.

Preface to First Edition.

IN compiling the contents of this little pamphlet, it has been my endeavour to keep two points ever in view.

First. I have wished to let it go out to the world at large that Burgess Hill is a very desirable place to live in—a fact to which I myself am most keenly alive—and

Secondly. I have endeavoured to the best of my ability to collect from various sources some account of the HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES of that portion of the globe on which we dwell. It has further been my aim to mention those particulars which I thought would most interest *the visitors and new comers* to our neighbourhood.

Such information as I have tried to convey, adds I think zest to one's daily walks and rambles; providing at the same time healthy pabulum for the mind.

No one can be more fully aware than I am, of the difficulties of doing all this as it should be done.

With these few remarks I will now leave myself in the hands of those who do me the honour to read what I have attempted to set before them; trusting to their generosity, and to that sense of chivalry which they have inherited from their forefathers, to pardon the shortcomings they will be sure to find, in this my first little venture in the paths of literature.

Opinions of the Press on the First Edition of "Burgess Hill as a Health Resort."

"BRIGHTON HERALD," SATURDAY, MARCH 17th, 1883.

"BURGESS HILL AS A HEALTH RESORT." By T. F. I. Blaker, M.R.C.S. Price 6d. Brighton: John Beal and Co., 55, East Street.—It is a pleasant thing to feel that the place one lives in is healthful, well-drained, and generally eligible. We in Brighton have that feeling strong upon us, and we are not slow in making people aware of that interesting fact. But there are other places of which the same may be said; and we are pleasantly reminded of it by Mr. Blaker, who has published a little book with a view to prove beyond all possibility of doubt that the very best place to live in is Burgess Hill, which is a flourishing and attractive little place in its way, and deserves all the kind expressions which Mr. Blaker bestows upon it. It is one of the most unsophisticated little guidebooks that have ever fallen in our way. We should imagine that Mr. Blaker has some delightful humour about him. Who but a born humourist would have included in a work on the advantages of a town as a health resort a picture of those wonderful animals which prowled about the Weald in the pre-Adamite period, or would further have embellished it with an illustration of the remains of the gibbet which once did the State good or bad service on Ditchling Common? We leave our readers to answer. Those in search of a healthy country home, to whom the work is specially dedicated, will find something worth reading in Mr. Blaker's pages; whilst those who are content to live where they are, and refuse to be beguiled to the pleasantness of Burgess Hill, will find that Mr. Blaker is a very agreeable companion, whether he is discoursing on good drainage, or indulging in those mental gymnastics which take the shape of peering back into the secondary period.

"SUSSEX DAILY NEWS," FRIDAY, MARCH 16th, 1883.

Messrs. J. Beal and Co., 55, East Street, Brighton, have published a Sixpenny Pamphlet by Mr. T. F. I. Blaker, M.R.C.S., advocating the claims of Burgess Hill as a health resort, and as a suitable locality for a country residence. Many commercial men will willingly add their testimony to the salubrity of the place which has long been regarded as a pleasant country retreat by Brighton business men, and persons in search of a rural habitation will find in Mr. Blaker's pamphlet a description of the local scenery and of some of the walks, rides, and drives in the neighbourhood, which will prove to them that life at Burgess Hill means the enjoyment of some of the most picturesque and historically interesting country in Sussex.

"MID-SUSSEX GAZETTE," TUESDAY, MARCH 13th, 1883.

"BURGESS HILL AS A HEALTH RESORT."—A pamphlet of 46 pages of letterpress, with five illustrations, has been sent us. It is a "Description of Burgess Hill, the geology and climate of the situation, a short history of its site from remote times to the present day; the local scenery, some of the walks, rides, drives, &c., in the neighbourhood, and other matters of interest." It also comprises a series of "hints to those in search of a healthy home." The work abounds with excellent descriptive matter, antiquarian research, apt poetical quotations, and approving references to the sanitary condition of the town, and does credit to the literary industry of the author.

"THE BRIGHTONIAN," FRIDAY, MARCH 16th, 1883.

"BURGESS HILL AS A HEALTH RESORT" is the title of an interesting pamphlet by Mr. T. F. I. Blaker, M.R.C.S., just published by Messrs. Beal and Co. The author is an antiquarian, and well posted in the historical associations of the place with which the air round about there is permeated. After a perusal of this work one would be strongly tempted to make a tour of inspection over the scenes which the author renders so interesting by his chronicles of Burgess Hill and its neighbourhood.

"THE BRIGHTONIAN," MARCH 24th, 1883.

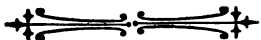
Since our last issue we have bestowed on Mr. Blaker's "Burgess Hill as a Health Resort" a less cursory glance, and find that the pamphlet improves on acquaintance. Not only is the publication a comprehensive guidebook of the vicinity, but the author has invested some of the dryest details with a charming rusticity imbibed directly from the rural neighbourhood in which he dwells, and which is now met with but too rarely. While thus commending the *brochure* we must draw attention to its occasionally apparent blemishes in style, the most conspicuous being the superabundant use of parentheses, often rather unfortunately. As an example, in describing an anti-diluvian scene at the conclusion of chapter three, he says, "A solemn silence reigned on every side, broken only by the rushing of the waters and the occasional awful noises made by these creatures (see engraving)," from which we naturally infer that we shall see the "noises" actually depicted on referring to the illustration. As, however, this is Dr. Blaker's maiden literary effort, we have no doubt he will correct errors of this kind in future, and we shall note his next production with interest.

"SUSSEX EXPRESS," MARCH 17th, 1883.

"BURGESS HILL AS A HEALTH RESORT." (John Beal and Co., Brighton).—We have received a copy of a capital little publication which has been issued with a view to proving the salubrity and attractiveness of this pretty little town, if we may so call it. The hints to those in search of a healthy country home will be found entertaining, instructive, and useful. In the book there are extracts from the best-known poets, and the author has made use of many historical publications relating to the county. We are told the climate of Burgess Hill is delightful, the air delicious, invigorating, and bracing up the system, without being too powerful for weak constitutions. There are two or three illustrations, one of Ote Hall (copied from the Sussex Archæological Collection), another of "Jacob's Post," a famous landmark on Ditchling Common, and a fancy sketch of a portion of the Weald of Sussex in process of formation during the secondary or mesozoic period. In this are some of the reptilian monsters then existing, most curious and extraordinary "animal birds," if they may be so termed, calculated to almost make one shudder to look at. Doubtless, the author has done much to increase the popularity of Burgess Hill by his pamphlet, as he modestly calls his little work.

"THE LEAMINGTON SPA COURIER," MARCH 24th, 1883.

We have had forwarded to us a pamphlet (Brighton : J. Beal and Co., 55, East Street) which has recently been completed by Mr. T. F. I. Blaker on "Burgess Hill as a Health Resort." Mr. Blaker, who is a medical practitioner in Burgess Hill, gives a description of the place, and all other matters affecting its interest. Without pretension the author has described the several advantages of the place, and modestly recommends it as a place of residence. There is no doubt that with its salubrious climate, its many natural advantages, its close proximity to Brighton and easy distance of London, a bright future is in store for Burgess Hill.



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Introduction.

*God made the country and man made the town
What wonder then that health and virtue . . .
should most abound,
And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?*
COWPER.



THE advantages of a home in the country, especially for children, are so thoroughly recognised in these days, that I have thought it might not be out of place to offer a few remarks to those who are seeking a suitable country residence, either for a permanency or only for some of the most beautiful months in the year.

It is, of course, of *primary* importance to fix upon a healthy locality : that is to say, a place where all the sanitary arrangements are carried out in the most perfectly efficient manner, and where the drinking water is of the purest description.

Then, of course, *in the next place*, before deciding, one naturally thinks of the climate, and of the nature of the soil.

Having found a district where all these requirements are to be had, the next question generally asked is—What places of public worship exist in the neighbourhood, and what is the distance from the nearest railway station ?

Then comes a matter of great importance, especially to the ladies—Are there any shops in the place? and, if so, can one obtain the daily necessities of life at them without going elsewhere? Are things dear at the shops? or, in other words, is the place a dear one to live in?

It is of importance also to have one's letters delivered punctually and regularly at least twice a day, and it is as well not to be too much out of the way for telegrams.

Another matter which must influence everyone in the choice of a healthy, and at the same time *delightful* country home, hardly secondary to any of the foregoing considerations, is the character of the surrounding scenery, the walks, drives, and places of recreation and amusement; and lastly, nearly everyone would be influenced by the thought, before taking a house, as to whether or not the situation was in proximity to a large town, and not too far from London.



Chapter I.

*He chaunst to come
Unto a place where pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were.*
EDMUND SPENSER.



SUSSEX, as is pretty generally known, is full of the most charming retreats—delightful rustic spots, “far from the madding crowd,”—and many of them much too far, alas! from the office and the shop as well. But, it may be asked, “How many of these places are accessible to poor *paterfamilias*, who has to set out daily to his business in, let us suppose, London, Brighton, or some other large town?”

It goes without saying, that for the great majority of people leaving town for country life, it is necessary for the head of the family to live within easy access of the railway station.

Now, taking one consideration with another, I venture to affirm that there is no place, at all events in Sussex, which has such advantages and offers such attractions to those wishing to settle in the country, and not in a mere suburb, as this charming, picturesque, and most healthy place—Burgess Hill.

Healthy, because it stands high and is fortunate in possessing a lovely climate.

The air is delicious; it invigorates and braces up the system, without being too powerful for those whose constitutions are not sufficiently strong to stand a very bracing climate. The air is laden with Ozone, which is alone a proof of its perfect salubrity.

This "Ozone," it may be observed in passing, is an allotropic or modified form of Oxygen. In the laboratory it has a peculiar odour (hence its name, "Ozone," from the Greek *ozein*, to emit an odour). It is known that where it exists the air is pure, as it is not found in crowded towns, where the atmosphere is vitiated. The presence of "Ozone" in the atmosphere may be detected by an easy test. Take a strip of white blotting or filtering paper, and moisten it with a solution of iodide of potassium and mixture of starch. If "Ozone" be present in the atmosphere, the paper, after a little exposure to the air, turns a dark blue colour. Some persons with keen noses even go so far as to assert that they can smell "the 'Ozone' in the air" at Burgess Hill. Be that as it may, its presence is certain. How it is formed science has not yet ascertained, but probably by some electrical atmospheric action. A curious thing about it is, that it is found in greater quantities some days than others.

The district has been drained at great expense. The drainage system adopted cost something like Thirty thousand pounds. Without question, the drains were laid and constructed in a thoroughly efficient and workmanlike manner. There are consequently but few cesspools, and not any ditches made the receptacles for sewerage, in the neighbourhood. When the alteration in the ventilation of the sewers has been effected, it may be said in all truth, that Burgess Hill is a very well drained place, and that few places like it can boast of so efficient a drainage system.

The water supply, and the water itself, are very good indeed. It is supplied by the Water Company, straight from the South Downs.

This is the Analysis of the water. I am indebted to

the courtesy of Mr. S. Norman, the Company's Secretary, for permission to publish it.

LABORATORY, 22, MINCING LANE,

London, 24th October, 1876.

Water from the Burgess Hill and St. John's Common Water Company. An analysis of the above water gave the following results:—

One gallon on evaporation to dryness yielded of solid matter 10.80 grains composed of—

Loss on Burning	-	-	-	-	.80
Chlorine	-	-	-	-	.98
Sulphuric Acid	-	-	-	-	.54
Nitric Acid	-	-	-	-	.21
Lime	-	-	-	-	4.93
Magnesia	-	-	-	-	.37
Oxide of Iron	-	-	-	-	None.
Silica	-	-	-	-	.23

Alkalies and Carbonic Acid (not separately estimated)	-	-	-	-	2.74
-------------------------------------------------------	---	---	---	---	------

10.80

Hardness on Clark's Scale before Boiling	-	8°3
Hardness on Clark's Scale after Boiling	-	3°3
Free Ammonia in a million parts	-	.003
Albuminoid Ammonia in a million parts	-	.009

The above analysis shows the water to be of very excellent quality.

It possesses a moderate amount of hardness—about half that of the New River, which is the best of the London supplies—and that is reduced almost to the condition of distilled water after boiling.

The quantities of Free and Albuminoid Ammonia are very small, showing an unusual degree of purity in this respect; in short, the water is exceptionally good and well suited for every domestic use.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) G. H. OGSTON.

The Burgess Hill and St. John's Common Water Company.

The soil varies much in various parts of the district. It is chiefly clay; sand and loam are also found in the neighbourhood. A somewhat curious sandstone formation

runs through the upper and centre parts of the locality from south-east to north-west. The clay is of such excellent quality that tiles, chimneys, ornamental vases, and, in some parts of the district, terra-cotta ware of the finest description are manufactured in great quantities. It is interesting to watch the manufacture of these things, and there are plenty of opportunities of doing so at Burgess Hill.

Perhaps one of the reasons of the extreme healthiness of Burgess Hill is due to the property which clay possesses of absorbing ammonia and noxious gases and vapours. It is also worthy of remark that soils composed of calcareous clay produce the finest fruits and flowers of the rosaceous kind, such as apples, pears, plums, cherries and roses. Indeed the soil of Burgess Hill is so good for growing any plants belonging to the natural order, "*Rosacea*," that they thrive in great profusion with the least possible amount of care. Some very excellent specimens of roses have been grown in this charming district.

The Church dedicated to St. John the Evangelist* is a handsome structure. It was built in 1863, from the designs of a Chichester architect. The living having lately become vacant through the resignation, on account of ill-health, of the Incumbent, a new clergyman has been appointed—the Rev. J. L. Shallis, A.K.C., from the Chapel Royal, Brighton.

There is a very fine Congregational Chapel, not far from the station, built by the well known Sussex builder, Mr. S. Norman, who has, indeed built, or has been instrumental in building, many of the finest houses and shops in the neighbourhood.

Members of other dissenting bodies will find places of worship presided over by ministers holding their particular theological views—*e.g.*, there are two or three different sorts of Baptist Chapels, as well as a Chapel for those holding the doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren. I am also given to understand that the Society of Friends contemplate erecting

* See Frontispiece.



BURGESS HILL CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL.

From a Photograph by Fox.

a Meeting House in a central situation. There is, moreover, a Roman Catholic Chapel not more than two and a half miles off.

Burgess Hill is an exceedingly accessible place, offering special advantages to sportsmen, who here are within easy reach of the favourite meets of *two packs* of Foxhounds (the Southdown and the Horsham and Crawley), and also of two packs of Harriers (the Brighton and the Brookside).

The Station is a very good one, and the L. B. and S. C. Railway Company are reported to be going to build another station in addition shortly, at the new place of junction, when completed, between the main line from London to Brighton and from London to Lewes, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards and Hastings, in place of the old so-called "Keymer" junction recently pulled down.

There are shops of every description in Burgess Hill, and one is safe in saying that this is not a dear place. It would be absurd to say that it was much cheaper than other places, because it is not. The best of everything can be had at a fair market price, and as there is keen competition amongst the tradespeople, it is obvious that each shopkeeper must "cut it as fine as possible" to derive any profit at all. The meat, especially the Southdown Mutton, is as good as can be purchased.

It is as well to mention that there are three postal deliveries and three collections daily, but only one of each on Sunday. Telegrams may be sent either from the Post Office or the Railway Station.

Burgess Hill can boast of an excellent Steam Fire Engine and a well drilled Fire Brigade, and care is taken that the mains are constantly charged with water, ready for use, day and night. Not many country places can say as much.

Before proceeding to a description of Burgess Hill—its history and scenery, the walks and drives, &c., in the neighbourhood—it will be as well to speak of the places of public amusement, and to point out how the village is governed.

In the first place there is the Literary Institute, presented to the neighbourhood by Madame Temple in the year 1872. It is in the hands of trustees. It consists of a reading room, free lending library, smoking and billiard room, and upstairs is a large Assembly Hall suitable for public meetings of every description. Here lectures are delivered, private theatricals given, and very constantly concerts are held of a first-class description. Private families can give balls in this room, when desirous of doing so, upon paying a small fee to the trustees. One or two subscription dances are held in it every winter.

One of the chief uses of this fine Hall is for the holding of Art Classes twice a week from September to July. They are in connection with the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, South Kensington, and are a great boon to the young ladies of Burgess Hill and adjacent villages.

For outdoor recreation of course the country itself offers the principal attractions; but here we have also a Park, or what we are pleased to call one. It is, in fact, a good sized meadow, planted with trees and surrounded by an ornamental fence; seats are placed around the outskirts of this meadow, and those who seat themselves there can enjoy (or otherwise) the strains of music which are produced by the united efforts of the members of the local band, when there is one. Some first-class Cricket is played there in the season, and the cricket club has fortunately at length secured a fairly good pitch in the middle of the Park. Both the cricket and football clubs owe everything for their efficient condition to the gentlemen of "Wyberlye," a local military training college. These gentlemen do a very great deal to add to the enjoyment of those who live at Burgess Hill. They are constantly giving dramatic entertainments at the Institute, in aid of the funds of some charity or another, and are ever willing to help a deserving cause. The thanks of the whole neighbourhood are undoubtedly their due. This military establishment (or

call it what you will) has established a reputation for always having on hand a kindly body of gentlemen, good all-round men,—good at cricket, football, lawn tennis, acting, singing, or any mortal thing. They keep a pack of Harriers, which may be followed, *on foot only*, by any one desiring to do so, upon application to the chief huntsman.

Burgess Hill is governed by a body of men constituting the Local Board. They are about as wise and about as foolish as most other such assemblies are. It must in all justice be said that no body of men could try harder to do their duty, and in the main they succeed. They are the unpaid servants of the local public, and are elected from the general body of ratepayers ; they often have falling to their duties disagreeable and onerous tasks, which they do not shirk.

Fearing that they might become the unpaid *masters* instead of the unpaid *servants* of the local public, a Rate-payers' Association has been recently formed for the purpose of checking undue expenditure, and looking after the interests of the ratepayers generally. This association seems to succeed indifferently well, and as it is not constituted (as so many of these Ratepayers' Associations are) of a number of discontented radicals, it is likely to succeed better still in the future.

Here, it may be added, there is a school for the sons of gentlemen ; a High School for boys ; several schools for girls ; a Young Men's Christian Association, and a Debating Club.

Several good houses are now in course of erection, with rents varying from £40 to £150. It is proposed to erect a Coffee House in the centre of the district ; and a new Mission Church, to be built in the midst of the poor district, is in contemplation.

Two well known Banking Companies have branch Banks in the business parts of Burgess Hill, which is a great advantage to certain fortunate individuals.

It may be pointed out that the advantages of living in

such a health resort as Burgess Hill, have not been lost sight of by the medical men of Brighton. Some of them have had their residences here for years, and others are very fond of inducing their patients to spend at the least a few months of the year in this favoured locality.

Burgess Hill is politically in the Eastern division of the County, but, as a matter of fact, it is only a very little out of the centre of Sussex, Hayward's Heath Church being reputed to be the exact centre. It consists of two portions: an upper or eastern portion, which constitutes Burgess Hill proper; and a lower or western portion, which goes by the name of St. John's, and which takes its name from a large common, traces of which still exist, called the St. John's Common. The main high road from London to Brighton passes through this part of Burgess Hill, and indeed even now every summer the Brighton coach generally traverses this road. In past time the enormous Wealden forest, the *Andredswold* (to which allusion is made further on), covered all this district. Remains of this forest are constantly brought to light about the common to this day. The population of the two districts together consists of from 4,000 to 5,000 souls. Burgess Hill is forty miles from London, ten from Brighton, ten from Lewes, and four from the northern foot of the South Downs.

Burgess Hill as we see it now is a beautiful place of modern growth. The district in which it is situated, and of which it forms approximately the centre, is certainly not devoid, from the antiquarian's point of view, of very great interest; but there is no special history of its own attached to it.

As it is always best to begin at the beginning of things in a systematic manner, we may just as well, in this instance also, try to get at the beginning of the history of the site of Burgess Hill, which takes us back through an enormous epoch of time—tens of thousands of years, aye, and may be, hundreds of thousands of years—such a lapse of time that the ordinary intellect fails to grasp the true meaning of it.

All that enormous time ago then, the site of Burgess Hill was being gradually formed by the deposition of its celebrated clay.

This Wealden clay has received much attention from geologists, who tell us that, after the close of the Oolitic period, the south of England, together with other districts, was raised above the sea level, and subjected to all the destructive operations of denudation for a long period of time. Great Britain, no doubt, during this portion of the world's history, formed part of a great continent; for the Wealden beds appear to be parts of the delta of an immense river, so large that it could only have been supplied by the drainage of an extensive continent. It is probable that the mass of the continent across which the great Wealden river flowed lay to the north and west. So that we find that countless ages ago the spot where Burgess Hill now stands was but a small portion of the bed of a mighty river, which was shaded on either side by forests of palms and arborescent ferns, whilst huge unseemly amphibious reptiles wallowed in its mud (our clay) and waters. Bat-like creatures, fearsome and uncanny to look upon, sweeping through the murky atmosphere, must have made a strange spectacle; but there was no human eye to gaze upon the indescribably curious scenes which took place in those weird old days, because they happened an enormous long time before the advent of man upon the earth.

The silence which must have reigned on every hand, save for the occasional fearful noises of these terrible monsters, and the rushing of the waters, was without doubt, intensely solemn, and awful (in the proper sense of that badly used word).

Is it not difficult to realise that such strange events occurred, in real truth and without a shadow of doubt, here where the Burgess Hill Local Board now holds the reins of government?

The huge bat-like creatures above referred to, belonged to an extinct order of reptiles, the *Pterosauria*, represented

by the *Pterodactyls*, and by the genera *Ramphorhynchus* and *Dimorphodon*.

The jaws of these creatures were provided with teeth, and, although reptiles, they possessed the power of flight. Their bones were pneumatic, as in birds. They could probably swim as well as fly. (The only *living* reptile which can support itself in the air is the flying lizard of the Eastern Archipelago—the *Draco volans*, or flying dragon.)

The *Pterosauria* are confined exclusively to the formations of the Secondary or Mesozoic geological period, of which the *Wealden* series, be it remarked, is a group. That remains of *Pterosauria* have been found in the Wealden clay, I am not prepared to say; but remains of the enormous extinct reptiles of the *Deinosaurian* family—e.g., **Hylæosaurus*, *Megalosaurus*, *Iguanodon*, and *Plesiosaurus*—most certainly have been. Some of these were of enormous size, measuring from 40 to 60 feet in length. Dr. Buckland, writing of this genus (*Plesiosaurus*), describes its members as “uniting to the head of a lizard the teeth of a crocodile, a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent, a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a chameleon, and the paddle of a whale.”

The *Iguanodon*, was an immense vegetable feeder, standing erect on its legs and being taller than an elephant. It derives its name from the form of its tooth shaped like that of the living *Iguana*.

Cuvier, the great French naturalist, regarded the *Iguanodon* as the most wonderful of all these creatures. He observed that it was “*encore plus extraordinaire que tout ceux dont nous avons connaissance*.” Probably his and Professor Buckland’s estimate of its size was too great. They mentioned 70 feet as its probable length. Professor Owen’s calculation is 30 feet—a size still gigantic enough to impress

* A portion of the remains of *Hylæosaurus* was found at Bolney (three miles west of Burgess Hill) a few years ago.



FANCY SKETCH OF A PORTION OF THE WEALED OF SUSSEX IN PROCESS OF
FORMATION DURING THE SECONDARY OR MESOZOIC PERIOD.

(Compiled from various sources.)

SHOWING SOME OF THE REPTILIAN MONSTERS WHICH EXISTED IN THOSE FAR DISTANT AGES.

strongly on the imagination the extent of that continent which formed the dry land of the cretaceous ocean, and the abundance and large dimensions of its vegetation.

Remains of *Cetiosaurus* and *Chelons* have also been found in the Wealden formation.

The Rambler, in search of geological treasures in this neighbourhood, cannot do better than take the advice of Professor Mantell, in his second volume of the "Medals of Creation," and following the railway from Hayward's Heath downwards, observe the various strata.

First, the Professor says—"On arriving at Hayward's Heath Station the tunnel exposes a good section of the Wealden sand, sandstone, shale and blue marl or oak tree clay, to a depth of about thirty-six yards. The strata are disposed in the same order and thickness as in the quarries around Cuckfield; namely, fawn-coloured sand and sandstone, and beneath layers of the blue clay. The strata are very barren in organic remains, the principal being imperfect vegetable relics, such as comminuted stems and leaves of the various species of ferns. Some of the grey laminated sandstones and shales at this place very closely resemble certain strata of the coal measures." (Borings for coal, it might be mentioned here, were carried on some few years ago in the Weald, but were not successful.)

"Proceeding over the Weald clay with the Sussex marble of St. John's Common, the line encounters the Shanklin sand of Sussex at Stonepound (commonly called Hassock's Gate.) Here, then, we quit the fresh water strata of the Weald, and again enter upon the marine deposits of the chalk formation. At the foot of the northern escarpment of the Southdowns, the chalk is penetrated at the base of Clayton Hill, the tunnel running through the lower members of the Chalk—the Galt and Chalk-marl. Emerging at Piecombe, the line runs through the same cretaceous deposits."



Chapter II.

*"Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris."**



F *Burgess Hill* itself is without any special history of its own, yet its site and neighbourhood are by no means devoid of historical interest, as I will endeavour forthwith to show.

It is impossible to take a walk anywhere in the country without the mind being interested first with one subject and then with another, and I have no doubt but that many like myself often love to dwell on the days of our ancestors, and think as best we can of those old tribes who "lived and moved and had their being" in the ages of the past, here where we now dwell. Let us for a moment consider this theme, and note what has been written about it:—

"Now, what of the primitive race which, at some remote and undefined distance in the vista of past ages, roamed over these Sussex hills, fashioning the flints and leaving their scanty vestiges of an existence anterior to the dawn of modern

* "Which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes on Ash Wednesday."—Latimer's *Sermon of the Plough*." These words translated signify: "Remember, O man, that thou art a cinder, and into a cinder shalt thou revert." Instead of a "cinder," we might say "ashes" or "dust"; or even "clay," as Shakespear has it:—

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay."

civilisation? The answer is not so easy as at first sight it might seem to be. They were ancient Britons: true, but that gives only a vague and indefinite idea of the ethnic relationship of the race to the great continental stock. They were Kelts:* probably so, but we have no data whereby to identify them with the people thus denominated, who inhabited Britain at the time of Cæsar's invasion, and who have left a class of imperishable monuments (so far as time is concerned) in the circular *tumuli* which are seen far and wide, beading the outline of our hills."†

In a small work lately published by myself, entitled "The Early Days of the Human Race," I have gone at some length into this interesting question, and I have endeavoured to show that, contrary to Dr. Smart's opinion, we have sufficient data to form an idea as to the ethnic relation of the race which formerly roamed over our hills and valleys, leaving their stone implements behind them, and so letting posterity know that they had once existed.

It would be out of place here to do more than glance at this subject. Those who feel interested in it cannot do better than read my work above alluded to. Now it is customary to think and to speak of "Ancient Britons" (and no doubt in the main it is true, except as to the colour of their bodies) as if they were naked savages, with bodies more or less black, accustomed to go to sea in basket-work, cocktail boats, and who were a peaceable set of men until the Romans attacked them, when they proved themselves to be a warlike race indeed and very brave. And so no doubt they were, and so they remained, even long centuries after they were subjugated by the Romans; witness the manful stands they made one after another against their "English" invaders, and the time it took these pirates to overrun our islands.

The reader may be interested to learn that the "Ancient

* Not Kelts, but Neolithic men as will be seen further on.

† Dr. Smart in the "Sussex Archæological Collection," Vol. XIX.

Briton" of the time of the Roman invasion (*i.e.*, the Celtic Briton) was of the type of an ordinary German of the present day.

This Roman invasion is an event which occurred so very, very long ago, even 55 years before our Saviour was born, that most people have scarcely troubled to ask themselves, "By the way, where did these 'Ancient Britons' come from, that the Romans found here so ready to resist them? Had they been here long, and did they too come as invaders meeting also with opposition? If they did, was there really a race ready to oppose *them*, and, if so, where in the name of wonder did *they* come from? Even supposing that when what we usually call 'Ancient Britons' (Cæsar's) first took possession of these islands, they *did* find such an opposing race here, can we tell if *they* were the first comers?" —Yes, we *can* tell; they were NOT, as we will proceed to see.

To sum up:—

- (1) There were Ancient Britons (Cæsar's).
- (2) There was a race here before they came.
- (3) There was a race even before them, long ages before.

It will be as well to consider this last race first. They were the men of the very earliest race that ever lived in England, and were the direct descendants of the very first men who inhabited the world at all—*primitive man*, about whom science can tell us just simply nothing which is actually *known* to be true at present.

These first inhabitants of the land we now inhabit were the men of the older stone age (Palæolithic man), whose rude and, comparatively speaking, badly made stone implements are found in the floors of caverns, and in the gravel and other drift deposits brought down by floods and rivers at some far away epoch of time. These men lived in that geological period known as the Post-Glacial or Quarternary, by an enormous lapse of time *subsequent* to that geological epoch spoken of on a previous page, when those reptilian monsters there alluded to were living.

When this first race of men lived in Britain, Britain was

not a "tight little island," but was joined to the Continent by a tract of land where the Straits of Dover now run. Britain afterwards became submerged beneath the sea, and consequently all her men and all her living creatures were destroyed. This event occurred at the close of the Quarternary period, and may very fairly be regarded as corresponding with the Deluge recorded in the Book of Genesis.

Pondering one day upon the unhappy and miserable condition of the men of this period, remembering that they were savages most terribly fallen and degraded, that they had a climate to dwell in like that of Greenland and Siberia of the present day, and further that they had co-existing with them monstrous wild beasts of fabulous size and ferocity, I could but marvel how they managed to support existence at all. Thinking thus, the words of Moses came to my mind (Genesis vi., verse 6 and part of 7): "And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the earth, both man and beast"; and then, like Silas Wegg, I "broke into poetry":—

AN ANTEDILUVIAN DIRGE.

In times gone by, long ages since,
 When lived no peasant, peer, or prince,
 Palæolithic men, alone,
 Carved their rude implements from stone.
 Homeless and wretched, up and down
 This lovely earth, beneath God's frown,
 They wandered, living hand to mouth,
 From east to west, from north to south.
 Nowhere had they to lay the head—
 A stone for pillow, mud for bed,
 A hollow rock, perchance, for home,
 To which wild beasts would nightly roam.
 Many their cares, their blessings scant,
 Their daily portion fear and want,
 In hourly danger from some beast—

Terrors of death which never ceased.
 Savage, hungry, naked, and cold,
 Women and men, both young and old,
 All seemed, alas! beneath God's ban—
 "Palæolithic—Old Stone age—man."
 The Deluge came, and they were drowned.
 Now few traces of them are found—
 Skeletons here, a few bones there,
 Buried deep down in wild beasts' lair;
 A few stone implements as well;
 And these are all we have to tell
 That history and dreadful fate
 Which antiquarians relate.

* * * * *

And now we call you "Man-like ape;
 Low browed, fierce jawed, of crouching shape."
 Savage you were, and heathen too;
 "Ape-like," however, hardly true.
 Degraded alive, libelled dead,
 Insults heaped high upon your head,
 Surely your fate was most dismal,—
 Palæolithic man—old pal!

But we must leave these dear "old pals" of mine, who have been instrumental in helping me to spend many a pleasant hour, and give a glance at the next generation—the men of the New Stone period, Neolithic men.

When Britain became an island, after the subsidence of the waters, and when the resurrection of the land was permanently accomplished, we find that these Neolithic men were her only inhabitants. Now, after a while, a formidable foe, armed with metal weapons, invaded and conquered them, and soon made slaves of them. These new comers—an Aryan Celtic race—were a long time afterwards conquered in their turn by the Romans, and this is the race we are accustomed to talk of as "Ancient Britons."

Both these races, no doubt, had habitations in Sussex, and loved the South Downs as so many of us do; but it is improbable that before the Roman invasion they lived near

the site of Burgess Hill, which was covered by a dense forest, the *Andredswold*.

The Romans made many roads (some of them splendid examples of engineering) which endure to this day, and most likely will endure as long as the world lasts. Other Roman roads, from various causes,* have become obliterated, or nearly so. A road belonging to this latter class can be traced over St. John's Common. It commenced, no doubt, at the sea shore, where the River Adur (which now runs into the sea at Shoreham) in those days emptied itself into the sea.† The village of Portslade,‡ nestling on the southern slopes of the South Downs, is the first district to be traversed by this road of which I am speaking. From there it can be traced away over the Downs; passing not far from Wolstonbury Hill, near Clayton Bostel (where it, no doubt, communicated with the Roman encampment at what is now known as the Devil's Dyke); and so on to St. John's Common, which it crossed, passing close to Vale Bridge mill, and crossing the stream. The road can thence be traced through Holmbush Farm, and on to a little east of Butler's Green, onwards to Ardingly and Wakehurst Place; it soon after becomes lost in a mound at Celsfield Common. A direct line would point from this mound to the Roman encampment at Botley Hill, in Surrey, which communicated with Holwood,

* No doubt because the places these roads led to and from do not in these days bear the same mutual importance to one another that they did in the Roman days. The roads, therefore, becoming disused, by degrees were overgrown, and so in course of time became either altogether or partially obliterated.

† This was at Aldrington, a place of the utmost importance to the Romans, who were in constant fear of an attack from the "English" (hereafter referred to). Here was a station for the *Numerus exploratum*, as we see by the following:—

Præpositus numeri Abulcomni Anderida

Præpositus numeri Exploratorum portus Adurni."

Their duty was to act as coastguardsmen, and to keep constant watch on the shore between Aldrington, Seaford, and Eastbourne.

‡ Portslade signifies "the way to the port." *Lade* means a way or passage of waters. In corroboration of this, Camden tells us that in the old glossaries we find *aquæductus* translated, not "water way," but "waterlade." (*Horasfield, "Hist. Sussex," Vol. I.*)

near Bromley, in Kent. Along the tract of this road on the Downs, and on either side of it, relics of the old Romans are to be found in quantities, especially fragments of pottery ware.*

The island of Britain was altogether a Roman province some 460 years—i.e., from about 50 years B.C. to 410 A.D. During the latter portion of this period the strength of the Roman empire was being slowly sapped. In the year A.D. 411, to defend Italy against the Goths, Rome recalled her legions from Britain, purposing, no doubt, to send them back again. The Fates decreed otherwise: they never returned. Britain, therefore, fell a prey to her neighbours dwelling on the shores of the Northern sea. These hardy Norsemen, the "English,"† drove the Britons slowly but surely (for these aborigines fought most stubbornly) from their strongholds into the forests, which then covered the face of the country.

* The compiler of this pamphlet, a few years ago, happened to be standing by some workmen (engaged in digging a pit in a field close to the Portslade station) at the moment they came upon three funeral urns, standing side by side in perfect preservation. Fortunately they were not damaged. On another occasion, the writer, riding along beside a plough at work on his father's estate on the Downs, saw a cinerary urn turned gently up by the plough-share, and very little damaged by it.

Some years ago, at Blatchington (West), which is close to Aldrington and Portslade, some regular walls of the compartments of an extensive Roman villa were found, spreading over a large field, with coins, stucco, and pottery in abundance. In the parsonage grounds at Clayton there are understood to be some splendid Roman excavations. Again, at Danny, the tessellated pavement of a Roman villa was discovered. (*Horsfield.*)

"At Twineham, some three and a-half miles west of the Roman road, some workmen, employed by Mr. John Wood, of Hicksted Place, in digging out the trenches for the foundation of a large conservatory, discovered, at the depth of about two feet, a cinerary urn of unbaked clay and a spear-head. For want of protection the urn was broken, and the spear-head was much corroded. Both are unquestionably Roman. The urn, judging from the fragments seen—and which, if they had been put together, the whole, I think, would have been found to be there—must have stood eight or ten inches high. The spear-head was about four inches long."—*From Vol. XIX., "Sussex Archæolog. Trans., Notes and Queries.*

† The "English," so called by historians because they came principally from "the one country which bore the name of England, and is now called Sleswick—a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the Northern sea."—*Greene's "Hist. of the English People."*

It was A.D. 449 that these Norsemen, the "English," gained their first great victory over the Britons (at Aylesford, in Kent, not far from Maidstone); and, eight years later, they gained another important battle. Twenty years later—viz., in 477 A.D.—the "English," with the Saxons (their near kinsfolk), are seen slowly pushing along, and driving the Britons before them, a narrow slip of land, which lay westward of Kent, in the very centre of which strip Burgess Hill is now situated. Speaking of this district, Greene, in his "History of the English People," tells us that "nowhere has the physical aspect of the country been more changed" (since this epoch, A.D. 477). "The vast sheet of scrub, woodland, and waste, which then bore the name of the *Andredswold*, stretched for more than a hundred miles from the borders of Kent to the Hampshire Downs, extending northward almost to the Thames."

Later on, the Saxon kings and their followers—and, much later still, the Plantagenet monarchs and the barons of mediæval times—are reported by tradition to have regarded the Burgess Hill district as a favourite one for hunting in (much as the gentlemen of Wyberlye do in these days); but history gives us no information of a trustworthy character on this head.

Coming down to the Elizabethan period, we find that—

"The imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

from her last halting place, during one of her royal progresses, to Old Oat Hall, a grand old mansion in the immediate neighbourhood. But here, again, we have to depend on tradition rather than on history, and this same tradition does not tell us where "good Queen Bess" stowed her brilliant suite. Certainly Old Ote Hall would not have accommodated them.

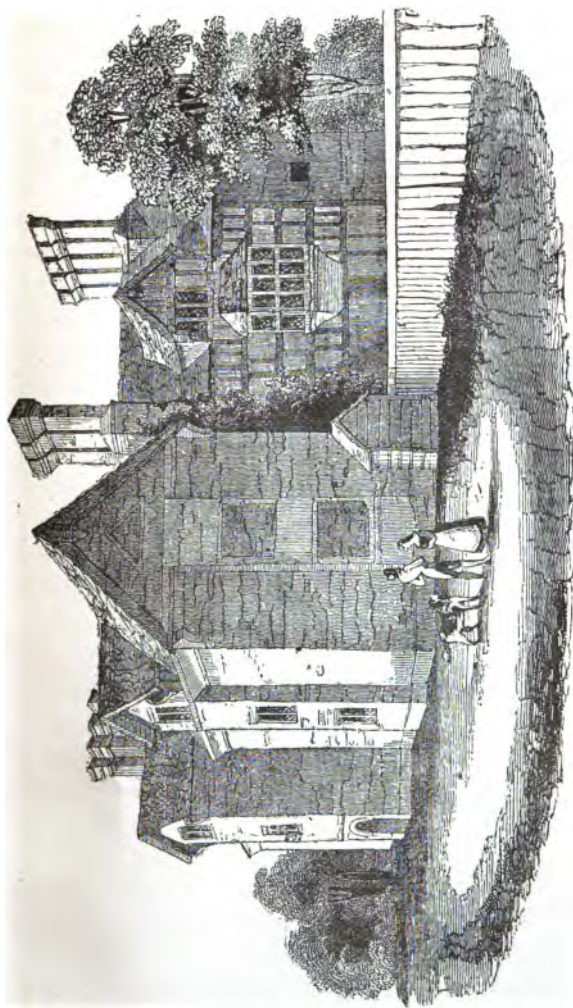
There is an excellent account of Otehall (as it used to be written) in Vol. XIX. of the *Sussex Archaeological Society*, written by the Rev. Edward Turner, M.A. "It is a massive

building," we are told, "resembling the form of the letter T; the front, which is to the north, being constructed of brick, and the part going off at right angles from it of timber framework and plaster. It is of considerable size, and appears to be but little altered from what it was when first erected. It is of the domestic style of architecture of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Over the projecting entrance is the date 1600. with the initials 'T. G.' There is no doubt these are the initials of Thomas Godman, who owned the estate at the time, and by whom the house was doubtless built. Probably this was only the restoration of a house that had long been standing there, even since the fourteenth year of the reign of Edward III. (1321), when, according to ancient documents, a family of the name of De Otehall were lords of the manor. In later years the Shirley family have owned the property.

"Some years ago two labourers, engaged in grubbing up the stump of an old tree in a hedgerow at Otehall estate, at no great distance from the house, discovered a gold coin of James I. and two or three antique silver spoons, which had been designedly hidden under it. The spoons were marked 'J. J. G.,' meaning John and Jane Godman."

The house is now being restored, and has again, I believe, passed into the hands of the Godman family. It is worthy of a passing note that Otehall was for some years the country residence of the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon (1760). She fitted up the hall of the mansion as a chapel. Otehall was for years a centre of religious influence.

The remains of another Elizabethan house, known by the name of Hammond's Place, are in good preservation at St. John's. It was formerly a mansion of some importance. On the front, over the door, is engraved in stone, with the date 1565, a shield with these arms: a chevron engrailed between three bucks' heads, two and one, and over it the letters "E. M." *i.e.*, Edward Michelbourne. A great part of Hammond's Place has been taken down. It had formerly two projecting wings, which extended nearly to the wall adjoining



OTE HALL.

(Copied from Vol. XIX. of the *Sussex Archaeolog. Coll.*)

the road. There was also an open court in the centre, now demolished. (*Vide Sussex Archaeolog. Coll., Vol. XIII.*)

At a later period, we find that the Stuart kings had private property here or hereabouts, and from their time to the present nothing of historical value has occurred worthy of note; but it might be mentioned that, some hundred years ago or rather more, the district was infested by highwaymen and midnight marauders.





Chapter III.

*If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget ;
If thou would'st read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.—LONGFELLOW.*



THE scenery around Burgess Hill is noted as being amongst the most charming in any part of the county. Standing high, as it does, in the heart of Sussex, the views it commands are lovely. The scenery is diversified ; but if it has a fault, it is the want of a picturesque river in its immediate neighbourhood. To make amends for this, Nature has given the dweller in these parts the grand old South Downs, with their ever varying tints of colour and graceful outlines, daily to feast his gaze upon. The highest of these is, according to Horsfield, “Ditcheling Bostal”* (858 feet). (Bostal is a name given to all the roads running in a zigzag direction up the Downs from the Weald.)

The Rev. Gilbert White's well known “Natural History of Selborne” contains a letter, dated from Lewes in 1773, from which the following is an extract :—

“Although I have now travelled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years, yet I still investigate that chain of

* Probably from the French, *bois taillé*. (Rev. G. White.)

majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year, and I think I see new beauties every time I traverse it. This range, which runs from Chichester eastward as far as East Bourn, is about sixty miles in length, and is called the South Downs, properly speaking, only round Lewes. As you pass along, you command a noble view of the Wold or Weald on one hand, and the broad Downs and sea on the other. Mr. Ray used to visit the Courthopes of Danny, just at the foot of these hills, and was so ravished with the prospect from Plympton* plain, near Lewes, that he mentions those capes in his 'Wisdom of God in the Works of Creation' with the utmost satisfaction, and thinks them equal to anything he has seen in the finest parts of Europe. For my own part, I think there is something peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely figured aspect of chalk hills, in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless.

"Perhaps I may be singular in my opinion, and not so happy as to convey to you the same idea; but I never contemplate these mountains without thinking I perceive somewhat analagous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth, fungus-like protuberances, their fluted sides and regular hollows and slopes, that carry at once the air of vegetative dilatation and expansion. Or was there ever a time when these immense masses of calcareous matter were thrown into fermentation by some adventitious moisture, were raised and leavened into such shapes by some plastic power, and so made to swell and heave their broad backs into the sky, so much above the less animated clay of the wild† below?

"By what I can guess from the admeasurements of the hills that have been taken round my house, I should suppose

* Plumpton, about three miles south-east of Burgess Hill.

† By the word "wild" Weald is probably meant, for even 110 years ago the Weald was not a wild. The word "Weald," I imagine, is derived from the Saxon "Weald,"—a forest.

that these hills surmount the wild, on an average, at about the rate of 500 feet."

It is not necessary to leave Burgess Hill itself in order to enjoy some very charming scenery ; for, go where you will, the eye first encounters one beautiful view after another. There is, however, nothing more beautiful, to my own mind, than the effect of light and shade on the South Down range, especially about sunset on a summer evening. The clouds, as they rush by, throw their shadows on the hills, causing an effect which is truly lovely. There is, by the way, no better spot to watch this, than from a point along the Keymer road, just as the road turns up by Ockley Manor.

Some, who are not already aware of the fact, will probably be glad to hear that all the Mid-Sussex neighbourhood is much frequented by the nightingale. Any time after the 12th of April that delicious trill, which most of us, at least, delight in, may startle the ear at any moment. I say "*most of us*" advisedly, for—incredible though it may appear to some—there are plenty of folks about who wish this lovely songster would be a bit quieter of a night, and who seem to regard "Philomela" rather as a nocturnal bore than otherwise.

Perhaps Milton's thoughts on the subject were not wholly unmixed, when he thus addressed the nightingale :—

" Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, *most melancholy*."

On the principle that "Two of a trade cannot agree," another celebrated poet, Coleridge, thus "sits upon" Milton, in blank verse so good that probably it is not excelled in the English language :—

" And hark ! the nightingale begins its song—
' Most musical, most melancholy ' bird.
A melancholy bird ! Oh idle thought !
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow), he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain."

It is rather rough on Milton to be called "poor wretch," but no matter. I think I am quite safe in saying that no bird has been so much written about by poets of the very first rank as the nightingale, not even excepting the lark and the cuckoo. This makes it the more puzzling to me that some really refined minds should not care for the nightingale's notes. A young Australian once told me, when he first came to this country, that he looked forward with pleasure to hearing the nightingale sing for the first time in his life. "What!" he exclaimed, when he at last heard it, "is *that* this much talked of bird? I don't think much of it." And he afterwards said he was woefully disappointed, and considered it "a much overrated bird," which made me reply I hoped it wouldn't become with him "a much over 'ated bird." He made no remark; he only looked sad, and walked in the opposite direction to where I was going, as if he wished to shun my company.

Those who, unlike this Australian and those who think with him, dearly love this little brown bird, sin—if they sin at all—in excellent company. Shakespere, Drummond, Milton, Coleridge, Akenside, Sir W. Scott, not to mention a host of less well known names, have all done honour to the nightingale. Coleridge goes on, in the poem from which I quoted just now, to describe a spot, the exact counterpart of which is to be found within a mile of where these lines are written :—

"And I know a grove.

* * * * *

This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
 Thin grass, and king-cups grow within the paths.

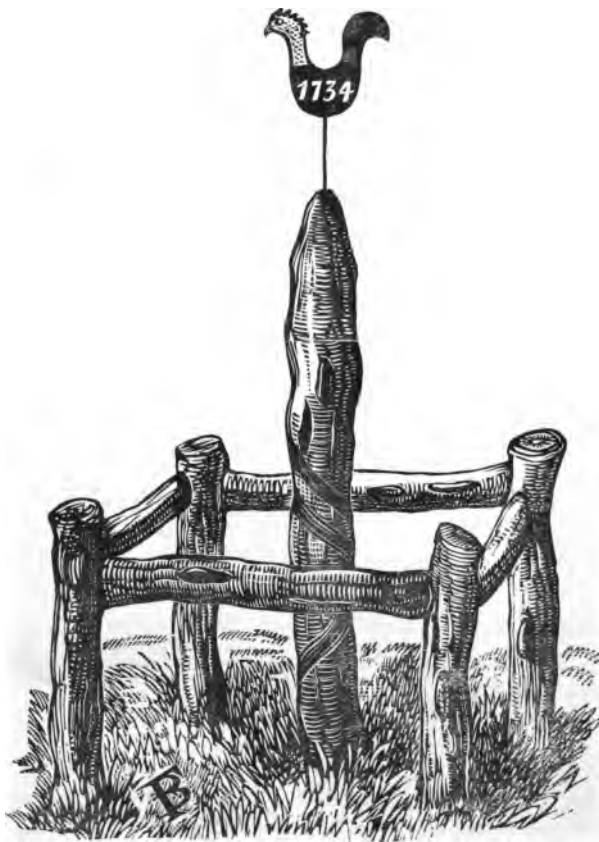
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many nightingales ; and far and near,
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
 They answer, and provoke each other's songs
 With skirmish and capricious passaging,
 And murmurs musical and sweet jug-jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all,
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,
 That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day ! "

Burgess Hill, owing to its central situation, enables the pedestrian to visit all the surrounding places of interest (and their name is legion) with ease and comfort, and without fatigue ; whilst those who, for any reason, are unable to walk, will find the drives and rides—whether on horse, bicycle, or tricycle—as charming as anything can be.

In the Spring and early Summer months, when the ground is carpeted with the loveliest of wild flowers, nothing can exceed in beauty the walk from Burgess Hill to Lindfield, a distance of about five miles. The road, starting across Ditchling common—itsself a mass of colour, and with a breeze straight from the sea always blowing over it—leads the wayfarer through one enchanting piece of scenery after another.

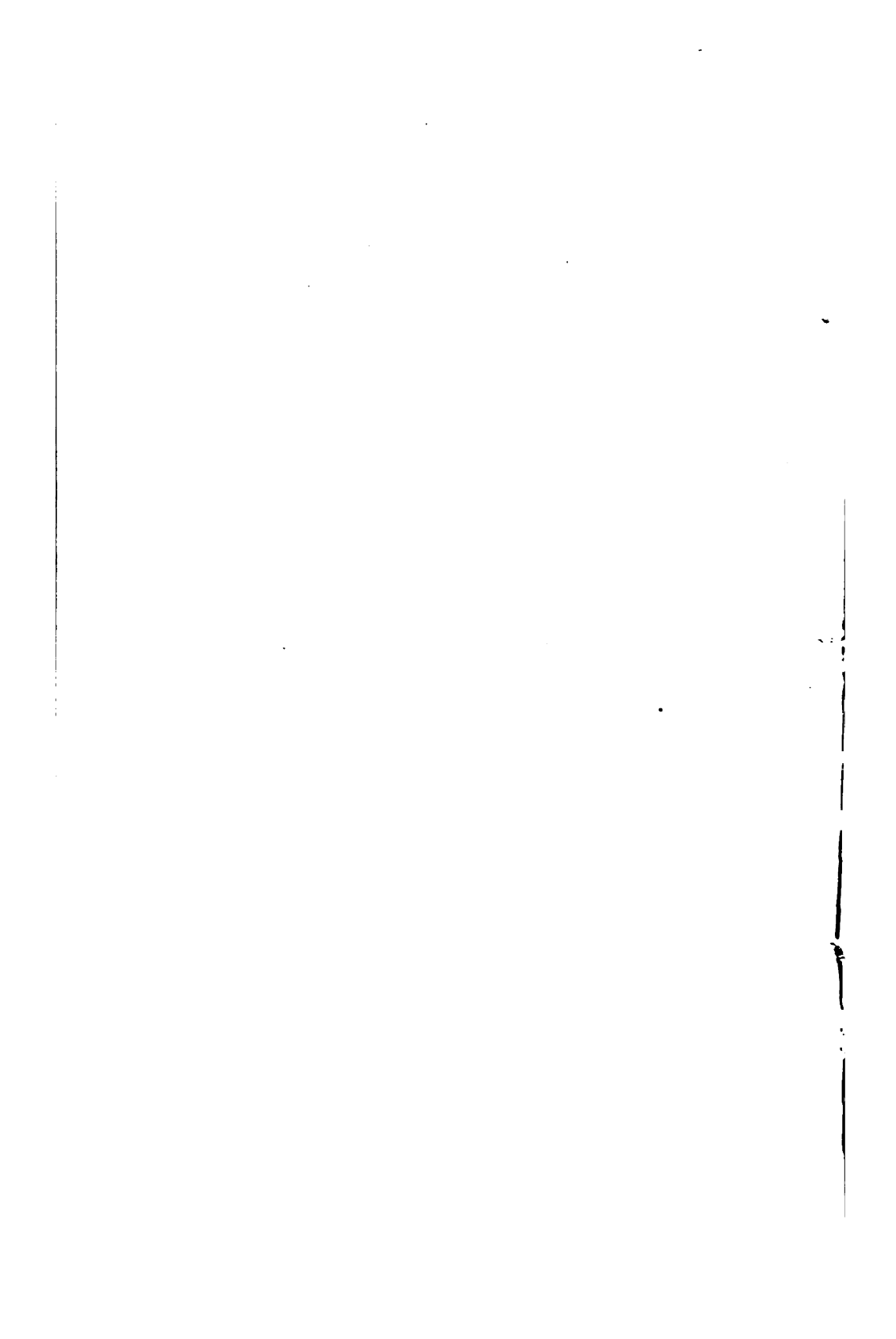
On the left-hand side of the road running across Ditchling common, at its northern extremity, one sees a curious looking object, which excites a good deal of wonder. It is simply a wooden post, with the figure of a rooster perching on the top of it. This post is religiously guarded by four other posts and rails. At first sight one cannot imagine what on earth it can mean ; but, on making enquiries at the inn close at hand, the traveller is told that it is "Jacob's Post," and the following is its history :—

In 1784 a remarkable tragedy occurred in this parish (Wivelsfield). Jacob Harris, a Jew pedlar, committed three very barbarous murders at the public-house at the further (north) end of Ditchling common. He was caught at



JACOB'S POST.

(On Ditchling Common.)



Horsham, tried and executed, and afterwards hung in chains on Ditchling common, close to the scene of the murders. There is a rhyme going about this tragedy :—

“ At Horsham gallows he was hanged there,
The thirty-first of August that same year;
And where he did the crime they took the pains
To bring him back and hang him up in chains.
It is a dismal sight for to behold,
Enough to make a heart of stone run cold.”

Part of the gibbet still remains, and is called “Jacob’s Post.” Formerly, a fragment of this post, carried in the pocket, was considered a cure for toothache; and I (the compiler of this pamphlet), so recently as 1881, being called to a man who was in an epileptic fit, was told by an old man (a native of Newick), “Ah! sir, pity sure a lye he ’adn’t a bit of Jacob’s poist in his pocket!”—“Why so?” I replied. “Why, don’t ee know, sir, they *do* say, no one wouldn’t never ’ave this yere faulin’ sickness if he ’ad a bit ’o Jacob’s poist loike about ’im. Whoy, sir, people comes *moils and moils*, from round Ashdown forest way, to get a bit of dat poisty, so as they shouldn’t faul wiv these yer fits.” So we live and learn!

Lindfield is one of the prettiest villages in England, and must be seen to be appreciated; it would be impossible to do justice to it here. The return journey should be by way of Hayward’s Heath, passing the Asylum and taking the road by the “Rookery” toll-house. Just beyond the “Sand Rocks” (the seat of T. Renshaw, Esq.) is a bridge crossing the railway at a great height, from which a most enchanting prospect is to be had. The sand rocks immediately beyond this are very curious.

Cuckfield, of course, must be visited; it is only some four or five miles away. This is one of the oldest places in the county, and it stands up to the north of Burgess Hill, forming one of the sweetest features of the landscape, especially of an early morning, when the sun just catches the old church steeple.

It is at Cuckfield that the romantic park, with its old fashioned mansion is situated, the property of the ancient family of Sergison (the lords of the manor). Ainsworth took this spot to form the ground plot of his well known novel, "Rookwood."

Other walks, rides, and drives there are, of course, in every direction from Burgess Hill, but it is not possible to describe them all; nevertheless, I cannot conclude without speaking of Ditchling, and giving some little history, however imperfect, of this, one of the most ancient villages in Sussex.

It is about three miles from Burgess Hill. Taking the upper road through Burgess Hill (the Keymer road), after walking about a "Sussex" mile, we presently come to a quaint and very picturesque old house, on our left-hand side. This is Ockley Manor. The house is very ancient, but how old I do not know. It was built, I believe, some 300 years ago. We learn from Horsfield that in Henry III.'s reign this manor belonged to Nicholas de Hogan "by the service of half a knight's fee and three barbed arrows." Ultimately it passed into the hands of the ancient family of Wood, and is now possessed and occupied by James Wood, Esq.

Leaving this old place, and following the road, which here curves round to the left, we come to the spot already referred to, where such a grand view of the South Downs is to be had. Lying at our feet is the ancient village of Keymer, looking very modern indeed with its *restored* church, but always neat and picturesque. Keymer, when Domesday Book was compiled, was called "Chemere" (from the Saxon *cyne* and *mere*).

We now, on entering Keymer, turn sharp to our left, pass through the village, and on an acclivity, about a quarter of a mile ahead, stands Ditchling. The church, an ancient structure, with a dear old clock in its tower, stands up high on the left, and some ancient and very curious houses are on the right of the traveller. We will come back to these houses presently, and in the meantime will think for a

minute about the history of this obviously very ancient place.

The very air is laden with history and tradition, and it is difficult to get at the truth—or rather it would be, had not the Rev. Thomas Hutchinson, M.A. (vicar in 1861), been at great pains to give us an excellent history of the village in Vol. XIII. of the “Sussex Archæological Collections.” Horsfield and M. A. Lower, in their respective histories of Sussex, dwell at some length also on the history of Ditchling.

To begin with its name. It is variously written in old records, as Dickninge, Dycheninge, Dychelinge, and Decelinges, all of which seem to spring from the Saxon *dyce* or *dykening*. This early English word signifies an enclosure of any description. Now, in all probability, there was formerly a royal park here, even in the days of Alfred (commonly called Alfred the Great, than whom no wiser or better monarch ever ruled in these islands). Moreover, there is every reason to suppose that Alfred came here to see to the education of the natives, and, liking the place so much, took up his abode in it.* The remains of the “palace,” it is believed, were dug out some few years ago. King Alfred bequeathed the place in his will to his kinsman Osferth thus:—“Et Osfertho cognato meo do villas de . . . et de Deccaligno (*Deccalignum* being the Latin equivalent for *Dykening*) necnon et omnes terras ad illas pertinentes.”

Later on, we find it in the possession of Edward the Confessor; and, later still, William the Conqueror was kind enough to hand Dycheninge over as a present to his son-in-law, William de Warrenne, the husband of his daughter Gunrada. Later still, we find that Edward II., when he was Prince of Wales, kept a stud of horses in the park here.

* That he lived in a house here is proved almost conclusively by a MS. left by his intimate friend and biographer. Here is an extract from it:—“His temporibus ego quoque a rege advocatus de occidente et ultimis Britanniæ finibus ad Saxoniam adveni . . . ibique illum in villâ regiâ, quæ dicitur Dene, primitus visi.—Asserius de rebus gestis Alfredi.”—*Mon. Hist. Brit. Petrie*, page 487. And again: “Cum igitur ad eum advenissem in villâ regiâ quæ dicitur Leonaford.”—*Ibid.*, page 488.

Like other folks who keep horses, he found they didn't pay. He got into debt over them, and was even threatened with proceedings. However, he managed to get out of the *mess* somehow; probably by some of those gentle measures so well understood by the aristocracy of these mediæval times. Going on in history, we find Henry VIII. making a present of Dychening with much bombast to one of his many wives, Ann Cleves. There is, amongst other absurd traditions in the place, one to the effect that this same very much married monarch kept one of his wives (Anne Boleyn) in durance vile in one of the timbered houses to be now spoken of.

Hutchinson says:—"The old timber-framed buildings at the western entrance of the village deservedly attract the attention of all visitors. They (and the church) are the remaining evidence of the antiquity of the place. Every story connected with this park and the old timber-framed houses has reference either to Alfred, Gunrada, Anne of Cleves, or the Ranger; and these legends, however improbable, if not impossible, tend nevertheless to confirm the opinion that these great personages were, directly or indirectly, associated with this place."





Conclusion.

*We know 'tis good that old Winter should come,
Roving awhile from his Lapland home ;
'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground.
For his wide and glittering cloak of snow
Protects the seeds of life below ;
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.
The whistling tone of his pure, strong breath
Rides purging the vapours of pestilent death.
I love him, I say, and avow it again,
For God's wisdom and might show well in his train.*

ELIZA COOK.

WINTER AT BURGESS HILL.



THE Winter time at Burgess Hill is, of course, very much what it is everywhere else in the country—highly enjoyable when it freezes hard, but the least bit soft under foot at other times. It is not, however, the dull, dreary place that so many country places are, thanks to its close proximity to Brighton. Those who love skating (and who does not?) can indulge themselves to their hearts' content in their favourite Winter pastime, by reason of the good sized ponds which abound in the neighbourhood. There is one notable pond—some call it a lake—named “Pondlye,” which covers an area of considerable extent ; when *this* freezes hard enough to bear, then is the time for some real downright

enjoyable skating. Shooting can be had all round about, as might be supposed, in a country where hedgerows, woods, and copses abound. This fact, unfortunately, is only too well understood by the poaching fraternity. The hounds, as has already been stated, meet frequently at very accessible spots in the neighbourhood. A meet of the foxhounds, for instance, at the Devil's Dyke is as pretty a sight of its sort as one could well wish to see, and the getting to it (no matter how) is most enjoyable.

Having Brighton so near, which is always charming, but never more delightfully so than in the Winter, is undoubtedly the greatest blessing to Burgess-Hillians at this time of the year; but, when all is said and done, we are forced to the conclusion that "there is no place like home"—especially in the Winter—when our delights and amusements must of necessity be what Cowper speaks of as "fireside enjoyments." These are his words:—

" Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.
* * * * *
Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steaming column, and the cups
Which cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

And with this "apt quotation" I will take a farewell of my reader, trusting that, if he has not already done so, he may, by a perusal of this book, be induced to become a Burgess Hill householder.

F I N I S.

LIST OF WORKS

REFERRED TO IN COMPILING THIS PAMPHLET.

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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Published by H. and C. Treacher, Brighton, 1884.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

1

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